

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 481

Chapter 481 When We Get Back

Back then, Nathaniel hadn’t met any mishaps, and Cecilia had left secretly.

Now that he was blind, he was shocked to know that she actually dared to tell him directly that she wanted to leave. Does she think that because I’m blind, I’ve become useless and can’t do anything to her?

Cecilia didn’t notice Nathaniel’s odd behavior. She lowered her gaze and said, “Didn’t we agree? You also promised to divorce me. I don’t want to be with you.”

Nathaniel tightened his grip.

Cecilia winced, drawing in a sharp breath. “It hurts.”

He immediately loosened his grip. “It’s a no from me.”

“I can offer you some compensation. I can help you repay a portion of your debt, consider it as recompense for the car accident previously,” stated Cecilia.

After all, when the car accident happened, it was Nathaniel who had shielded her, preventing her from getting hurt.

For the first time, he truly understood what it felt like to have his heart ripped apart, and that was happening to him right then.

“Who needs that compensation?” Nathaniel’s voice grew louder, nearly losing control of his temper.

“What do you want then? Just tell me, as long as I can do it... um-“

Before Cecilia could finish her sentence, Nathaniel silenced her with a kiss.

Her eyes widened. She intended to push the man away, but no matter what she did, she couldn’t budge him an inch.

After returning home earlier that day, Nathaniel was worried Cecilia might run into any unexpected incidents, so he discreetly left a bodyguard to watch over her. Hence, he was aware that Nicholas had met with her.

Cecilia was getting breathless from the kiss.

She pounded on Nathaniel’s shoulders with all her might. The man loosened his grip slightly, allowing her to take in deep breaths.

"I want you," he uttered in a deep voice.

Before Cecilia could react, he swept her into his arms and carried her into the room.

She was already frail by nature, coupled with the exhaustion from recent days, she was no match for Nathaniel.

He was acting very strange that day. Regardless of what she said, he wouldn't stop, completely disregarding her words.

When everything had come to an end, his shoulders were marked with bite marks, and his back was covered in scratches. Cecilia's mouth was filled with the metallic taste of blood.

Perhaps due to the frustrations and sorrow that had welled up in her heart, that night, she vented all her emotions onto the man.

Nathaniel suppressed his pain, holding her close, his fingers gently caressing her back.

Overwhelmed with exhaustion. Cecilia gradually fell asleep in his arms.

When she woke up again, the family was already on their way back to Tudela.

Gazing at the scenery whizzing past the window, she asked, "Where are we going?"

"Daltonia Villa." Nathaniel held her in his arms. "I've already sent Eli there ahead of us."

Cecilia looked up at him, only to find that a few scratches had marred his handsome face.

She reached out, feeling somewhat ashamed. She thought he would do what he didn't.

her, but surprisingly,

"Sleep a bit more. If you're still upset when you wake up, you can take it out on me when we get home."

When we... get home?

Cecilia rarely heard anybody tell her that.

"Nathaniel, do you love me?" she couldn't help but ask.

His throat tightened. "Of course. I love you, deeply so."

Hearing that, she suddenly found amnesia to be quite fascinating, for the fact that one could grow fond of someone they used to intensely dislike.

"But you used to really dislike me."

Nathaniel didn't know how to explain it to her. "I don't dislike you not even a bit."

She leaned against his chest, listening to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

Only then did she realize how clear it was when one didn't love someone, just as it was clear when one did.

Cecilia clutched the hem of his clothes. "What about your job after we get back?"

"I can just look for a new one."

the day comes when you let me down. I won't hesitate to leave."

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Chapter 482 Paternity Test

News of Paula's assault had caused an uproar in Tudela, and no amount of money could resolve the situation quickly.

For the first time, Paula was gripped by overwhelming fear.

When Cecilia returned, she went to visit her in jail.

The once radiant and glamorous Paula was now a mere shadow of her former self, pale and drained.

"Where's the nanny, Cecilia?" Paula immediately asked upon seeing Cecilia.

Even though Martha had insisted that Paula was innocent, Cecilia harbored a particular resentment toward her.

"She's dead. It's all because of you." Cecilia could no longer think of her as her mother.

After all the trouble Martha had gone through to put Paula in prison, Cecilia wasn't about to let her walk away scot-free.

"She framed me. I didn't kill her at all."

Indifference filled Cecilia's eyes. "Who in their right mind would risk their life to frame someone?"

Seeing the look of disbelief on Cecilia's face, Paula clenched her fists in frustration. "How could I have known what she was planning? She acted like she didn't care about dying, and it left me in a tough spot!"

Her words brought an involuntary wave of bitterness to Cecilia's heart. No one is truly unafraid of dying. They just find the courage when it's for someone they care about.

She stood up and said, "Mdm. Paula, there's something I need to tell you."

Paula asked, puzzled, "What is it?"

"Come closer," she said.

Paula leaned in, her voice dropping to a whisper only Cecilia could hear. "I know you were framed, and I even have the evidence to prove it."

Paula's pupils suddenly constricted. "What did you say? Hand over the evidence now! You must be my witness!"

"How could I let you go so easily? My mom risked everything to put you behind bars. I came here to tell you that even if you have a chance to get out, you'll find there's nothing you can do!"

To torment someone is to strike where it hurts.

Cecilia revealed the truth to Paula deliberately, aiming to make her feel despair.

"What did you call her? I'm your real mother! Who is she to you? How could you conspire with her against me?"

Cecilia gave her the cold shoulder, turned away, and left.

Paula completely lost her composure, hurling insults at Cecilia in a furious outburst.

Cecilia, now accustomed to such attacks, turned a deaf ear to them.

Back at Daltonia Villa, she managed to pull herself together. After tidying up, she accompanied Elliot for his check-ups.

"Mommy, could I skip the check-ups for the next few days?" Elliot asked.

"Why?"

"I wanted to spend time with you at home."

Cecilia gently patted his head and replied, "Once you're done with today's treatment at the hospital, we can just stay home and relax."

"All right."

Upon returning to Tudela, Elena received news about the two boys.

When she saw the photo of the child next to Cecilia, her pupils constricted abruptly. "They're twins indeed."

With a firm grip on her phone, Elena could barely contain her excitement. "I knew it. I knew Jon isn't Vivian's son. Look, there's another child. They're twins. Nathaniel and Nicholas are twins too. Don't you think these two look exactly like they did when they were young?"

Elena pulled out childhood photos of Nathaniel and Nicholas, asking her secretary to compare them with the two boys.

After examining them, the secretary was stunned by the uncanny resemblance. "You're right. Madam. This is great news."

Elena's excitement was palpable. "Come on, let's head to Daltonia Villa now. I want to visit my adorable grandson."

The secretary hesitated. "Isn't it a bit inappropriate to go without evidence? Besides, Mr. Nathaniel had warned us..."

Elena, too, was afraid of dealing with Nathaniel. "What should we do then?"

"I'll figure something out on my end. How about I start by collecting a DNA sample from the child for a paternity test?" the secretary proposed.

Though Elena was eager for a grandson, she didn't want to recklessly claim just anyone as her own. What if the two kids turn out to be Cecilia and Calvin's children? I can't afford to make a mistake and raise someone else's kids! Come to think of it, George had confirmed that Jon was his great-grandson. Could it be that they've already conducted a DNA test?

After all, there was a possibility that the investigators she sent to look into the children's background might have made mistakes.

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Chapter 483 I Will Get Her Out Of Jail

After receiving treatment at the hospital, Elliot couldn't shake the feeling that someone was secretly watching him from outside.

He looked out the window but saw no sign of anyone. That's weird.

Elliot had always trusted his instincts. He closed his eyes to feign sleep, hoping to catch a glimpse of whoever might be watching him.

After a while, when he opened his eyes again, he saw a man with a camera hastily crouching in the bushes outside the window.

Elliot's eyes narrowed slightly, a gesture that closely resembled Nathaniel's thoughtful expression. "Darn it. Can't you at least take my photos when I'm looking my best?"

Despite his attempt to lighten the mood, Elliot couldn't shake his curiosity about who the stalker might be.

When he was lost in thought, Cecilia knocked on the door. "Sweetie, did you have a good rest? It's time to head home."

Elliot nodded repeatedly. "Okay."

He got up from his bed, put on his outfit, and followed Cecilia as they left the hospital. "Mommy, has that bad woman been arrested? She can't get out anymore, can she?"

The "bad woman" he referred to was Paula.

Cecilia nodded and hummed in response.

"That's good then." As Elliot spoke, he glanced around but saw no trace of the person who had been secretly photographing him.

Meanwhile, chaos reigned at the Evans residence.

After the incident with Paula, the Evans Group's stock took a significant hit, leaving Ralph with a perpetually gloomy expression.

Magnus, however, was sprawled on the couch, deeply engrossed in his computer game, seemingly indifferent to the turmoil around him.

The sight of Magnus only aggravated Ralph further. "Can't you get off your lazy butt and find a job? You're always at home, freeloading off your parents. Your mom's already in jail—do you want to join her?"

Upon hearing those words, Magnus slammed the mouse onto the table.

Magnus slammed his mouse onto the table in response “Freeloading? The money you’re spending now—every penny of it comes from my family, the Smiths!”

“The ink on my mother’s prison sentence is barely dry, and you already dare to show me attitude? Do you think I can’t make you regret every bite you’ve ever taken?” Magnus glared fiercely at Ralph.

Intimidated by Magnus’s intense gaze, Ralph felt a surge of fear and quickly averted his eyes. “I’m just trying to encourage you to pull yourself together, that’s all.”

Ralph’s fear of Magnus dated back to an incident six years ago when Magnus and Paula transferred their wealth to him under a specific agreement.

The agreement stipulated that if Ralph ever mistreated them, they could reclaim their property at any time.

Magnus lounged back on the sofa, crossing his legs. “You better mean what you said.”

“Figure out a way to get my mom out of there as soon as possible. She’s not accustomed to a place like that.” Magnus knew that only Paula’s presence could secure his position in this family.

“Okay, got it. I already have a plan. Once the buzz dies down, she’ll be out of jail,” Ralph remarked confidently.

To him, there was nothing that money couldn’t fix.

Ralph was certain he could secure Paula’s release. After all, Cassandra hadn’t married into the Rainsworth family yet, and it would be disastrous if they backed out of the marriage because her stepmother was a convicted murderer.

Just then, Cassandra descended the stairs. “Dad, Mom wants to see me. I need to visit her.”

The term “Mom” was exclusively reserved for Queenie. Cassandra only used it when referring to her.

“All right, go ahead,” Ralph responded.

Before leaving, Cassandra cast a sidelong glance at Magnus. “You’re nothing but a leech, draining the life out of the Evans family. You’ve already ruined the Smith family, and now you’re trying to do the same here. Have you no shame?”

After hurling those words, Cassandra left the house, got into her car, and drove off to see Queenie.

Queenie might not have been her biological mother, but thanks to her formidable influence, she managed to suppress all the trending topics surrounding the scandal, allowing Cassandra to avoid any implications of Paula's misdeeds.

Moreover, Queenie's PR department skillfully capitalized on the wave of public opinion, criticizing Paula and asserting that Cassandra's achievements were entirely due to her hard work, with little to no help from her stepmother

As a result, many netizens sympathized with Cassandra. What did Cassandra's father ever see in Paula? Her mother was such a strong woman, yet he chose a woman thoil been married before and uses past

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Chapter 484 Stay Away From Nicholas

Meanwhile, on the rooftop of the Four Seasons Hotel, a sophisticated and elegant woman stood, gazing out over the city of Tudela.

She held a lit cigarette between her fingers, the smoke curling lazily into the air..

Her eyes were so deep and enigmatic that it was impossible to read her thoughts.

Thud, thud, thud!

The sound of knocking echoed.

The woman extinguished the cigarette in her hand: “Come in.”

With great caution, Cassandra gently opened the door and stepped inside. “Mom.”

Queenie turned around, her sharp gaze softening. “Come here.”

Cassandra stepped forward.

Queenie gently tidied her blouse and asked, “How have you been lately?”

She had been busy lately, spending most of her time abroad managing various projects. But the moment she heard that Paula had been involved in a murder, she rushed back to check on Cassandra.

Cassandra stood before her, adopting the demeanor of a dazed, innocent child. “Mom, I’m not doing well. Not well at all.”

Queenie's eyes narrowed with a sudden intensity. "Has someone made your life miserable? Who? Nicholas?"

She clenched her hand tightly. Did the Rainsworths really think that just because they're in power, they can bully the Jamieson family however they want?

Cassandra quickly shook her head. "It's not him. Nicholas treats me well."

"Who else?"

"It's someone I mentioned before—Cecilia Smith. She's Nathaniel's wife, my future sister-in-law," Cassandra replied.

"Cecilia?" Queenie scoffed upon hearing Cecilia's name. She's just a deaf woman. How dare she bully my daughter?

Though Cassandra was adopted, Queenie had raised her as her own since childhood. She had always been willful and stubborn, and no one had ever dared to bully her.

"Mom, you wouldn't believe it," Cassandra lamented. "She's so manipulative. She was secretly trying to seduce Nicholas. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it."

Fury surged within Queenie at the revelation. "The women I loathe the most are those who try to steal other women's men!"

She then patted Cassandra's shoulder. "Don't worry. I'll definitely stand up for you."

Cassandra hummed and nodded in response.

Cassandra knew that Queenie was resourceful and not easily manipulated or handled like Paula.

"Cheer up. My daughter is no weakling." Queenie offered Cassandra a few comforting words. before making a call to have someone look into Cecilia.

"All right, Mom."

That afternoon, a Lamborghini glided to a halt at the entrance of Daltonia Villa.

Cecilia was in the middle of composing music when her phone's ringtone broke the silence.

She answered the call, only to hear two icy words from the other end. "Come out."

Stepping outside in confusion, she noticed an unfamiliar car parked by the villa..

The car window rolled down, revealing a woman with a stern and weathered face.

Cecilia had seen Queenie only once before, at the engagement party, but she recognized her immediately upon seeing her again.

Though Queenie wasn't strikingly beautiful, her presence exuded a clear air of elite status. Cecilia stepped out and greeted, "Mdm. Queenie."

Queenie was somewhat taken aback. She hadn't expected Cecilia to still remember herself.

As a straightforward person who disliked beating around the bush, she pulled out a check. "Fill in the amount yourself, and don't let me catch you interacting with Nicholas again. If I do, don't blame me if things get ugly."

Queenie was not like Paula and Elena, who were all talk and no action, No matter the cost, she could afford it.

At that moment, Cecilia understood that Queenie was there to confront her. Recognizing the intent behind the check, she declined to accept it. "I always thought Madame Queenie was a strong businesswoman with a clear sense of right and wrong. Now, it seems that's not the case. Nicholas is my husband's younger brother. How could I possibly avoid interacting with him?"

A mocking, incredulous gleam flashed in Queenie's eyes at Cecilia's remark.

Never in her life had she encountered someone who was daring enough to confront her like that. She must be tired of living.

She remained silent, and it seemed as if the driver took that as a signal to reverse the car and

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Chapter 485 Never Been In A Relationship Before

The car came to a halt just a centimeter away from Cecilia.

Cecilia's pupils slightly contracted, yet she remained composed.

There were surveillance cameras around, and she doubted that Queenie would have the audacity to lay a hand on her so openly.

Queenie studied the beautiful, composed woman before her. If it weren't for Cassandra, she might have felt a twinge of pity.

“Do you really want to make my daughter your enemy?” she asked.

“There’s nothing between Nicholas and me—never has been, never will be,” Cecilia replied firmly. How could I possibly choose Nicholas when I’ve already decided to be with Nathaniel?

Moreover, even if she weren’t with Nathaniel, she certainly wouldn’t choose Nicholas, especially with several children to consider.

“You’d better mean what you say,” Queenie threatened Cecilia.

She then gave instructions to her subordinate, signaling the driver to depart.

On the road, Queenie glanced at Cecilia in the rearview mirror and couldn’t resist lighting a cigarette.

At that moment, it was hard to tell if Cecilia was being genuine or if it was all just a facade.

Queenie then made a lengthy call to Elena, the content of which remained unknown.

That very night, Elena invited Cassandra to stay at Rainsworth Manor, planning to celebrate the New Year together in a few days.

Cassandra had always known her foster mother had tricks up her sleeve, but she never expected even Elena, the renowned Iron Lady of Tudela, to be under Queenie’s influence.

She called Queenie. “Mom, you really are something. Thank you.”

Queenie responded with a grin. “I already warned Cecilia. By the looks of it, she wouldn’t dare harbor any ulterior motives toward Nicholas again.”

Cassandra was somewhat displeased. She just warned Cecilia? That’s all?

“Mom, did she fool you with her innocent act? You know she’s two-faced,” Cassandra exaggerated. “She assured me before that she had no connection with Nicholas, but not long after, she still met with him in secret.”

Queenie lit a cigarette, her attractive brows knitting at Cassandra’s words. “Really? Is she truly that cunning?”

Cassandra nodded. “That’s how she deceived me.”

As a mother, Queenie naturally chose to believe her daughter.

“Don’t worry,” she assured Cassandra. “I’ll stay in Tudela with you for now and always stand by your side. Let’s see if she still dares to climb all over you.”

“All right.” Cassandra felt relieved, knowing that Queenie was willing to stay in Tudela and be her witness.

That very night, Cassandra packed her bags and moved into Rainsworth Manor.

When Nicholas returned, he was surprised to find her there. “What brings you here?”

Cassandra felt a twinge of shame as she stood before Nicholas, the memory of past insults still lingering.

“Mdm. Elena invited me over,” she replied softly.

As if on cue, Elena descended the stairs, “Nicholas, now that you and Cassandra are engaged, it’s time to develop your relationship. Living together will be good for both of you.”

Elena was overjoyed when she learned about Elliot’s existence.

Hence, she eagerly anticipated the day Nicholas and Cassandra would start a family, hoping for a few more robust grandsons to add to the lineage. So when Queenie suggested the idea, she immediately agreed to have Cassandra move in.

Hearing Elena’s words, Nicholas neither rejected nor agreed. “Please excuse me. I still have work to do.”

He headed upstairs to the study.

A flicker of disappointment crossed Cassandra’s eyes.

What initially drew her to Nicholas was his status, but now, against all odds, she had genuinely fallen for him.

He was the epitome of grace and elegance, with strikingly handsome features. As the head of the Rainsworth family, his authority surpassed even that of Nathaniel.

“Cassandra, don’t overthink it,” Elena reassured her. “Nicholas has never been in a relationship before. He could really use your guidance in this matter.”

Cassandra’s eyes widened in feigned surprise. “Mdm. Elena, are you saying Nicholas hasn’t been in a relationship? But I heard that-”

She deliberately trailed off, leaving her sentence unfinished, and watched as curiosity flickered across Elena’s face.

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Chapter 486 She Will Watch Over Us

“What did you hear?” Elena asked, her interest piqued. She paid close attention to anything about her son.

Cassandra deliberately held back. “It’s nothing; probably just a rumor. I’m sure Nicholas isn’t that type of person.”

Her evasive comments only heightened Elena’s curiosity. “Stop beating around the bush. Tell me everything now.”

Cassandra slowly revealed, “I’ve heard that Cecilia once had feelings for Nicholas and even had a romantic relationship with him.”

The revelation hit Elena like a bolt of lightning.

Elena had never been fond of Cecilia, and learning that Cecilia had once pursued her younger son instantly filled her with fury.

“That woman is a born troublemaker, isn’t she?” Elena stated icily.

Cassandra gently took Elena’s hand. “Mdm. Elena, please don’t be upset. To be honest, I didn’t believe Nicholas ever had a relationship with her, but I’m just worried that...”

“What are you worried about?”

“Worried that Cecilia might not let things slide easily,” Cassandra remarked, her eyes filled with concern. “I didn’t want to bring this up, but now that you’re aware of the situation, I have to tell you. Some time ago, I saw Cecilia and Nicholas meeting in secret. I don’t know what they talked about, but her eyes were all red.”

Elena listened in silence, her fists clenched tightly. She’s a curse to our family!

Elena lowered her voice and said, “Cassandra, you must never share this matter with anyone else, understand?”

Cassandra nodded. “Of course.”

Meanwhile, at Daltonia Villa, Cecilia, having regained her composure, began preparing for the New Year with Nathaniel and Elliot.

Cecilia placed Martha’s photo in the most prominent spot in the house. “Mom, this counts as us spending the New Year together, doesn’t it?”

She stood in front of Martha's photo for a while, gently caressing the frame.

Elliot approached and said, "Grandma Martha must be watching over us from above."

"You're right, Eli." Cecilia nodded.

She recalled a memory from her early childhood when Calvin had frightened her by saying a person would lose everything upon death.

Tearfully, she had pleaded with Martha. "Martha, please don't die. Fatso said that when people die, they lose everything."

Martha consoled her in a gentle voice. "Silly girl, everything doesn't disappear when someone dies. As long as people remember them, they become the wind, the clouds, and the stars, watching over us."

Cecilia gazed out at the pitch-black night through the window. A gentle breeze brushed against her cheek. Is that you, Mom? You must have come to visit me, right?

After decorating the house, Elliot went to bed early. Even in his sleep, he clung tightly to Cecilia's hand, fearing she might leave.

It also didn't take long for Cecilia to drift into a deep slumber.

She hadn't had a peaceful sleep in ages. This time, she was so deeply asleep that she didn't notice Nathaniel enter the room.

The tall, imposing man gently touched Elliot's hand before carefully lifting him from Cecilia's arms and carrying him to the room next door. "You brat. You're all grown up now. Stop clinging to your mom."

He then closed the door and lay down beside Cecilia, drawing her into his embrace.

Elliot, now lying on the bed in the next room, clutched his pillow and muttered, "Sc*mbag daddy, trying to take Mommy away from me, huh? Dream on!"

In the early morning, when he opened his eyes, he found a large pillow nestled in his arms.

In a flurry, he rubbed his drowsy, wide eyes. "Mommy? Where's Mommy?"

Elliot looked around, puzzled. "How did I end up sleeping here?"

"I must be dreaming. I'm going to keep sleeping for a while." He rubbed his groggy head. Since Cecilia hadn't been sleeping well in recent days, Elliot had also struggled

with sleep due to his worry for her. Now that he'd finally managed to get a good night's rest, he had no intention of waking up early.

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Chapter 487 Preoccupied In Bed

When Cecilia woke up, she found herself nestled in Nathaniel's arms.

She glanced around and noticed that Elliot was nowhere to be found. Confusion filled her eyes.

The slight movement stirred Nathaniel, rousing him from his slumber. Without hesitation, he reached out and pulled Cecilia into his embrace.

"You're awake?"

"Where's Eli?" asked Cecilia.

"Yesterday, I thought the space was too cramped, so I took him to the guest room to sleep," Nathaniel said calmly.

Cecilia stared at the bed that was more than two meters wide. How could it be considered small?

She got ready to get up.

Nathaniel's arm tightened around her waist, his Adam's apple bobbing slightly as he muttered, "Let's sleep a little longer."

Cecilia was clad in thin nightwear. They were so close to each other that they could feel the warmth radiating from each other's bodies..

"No, I can't sleep."

She attempted to pry Nathaniel's hand open.

However, Nathaniel subtly took her small hand into his own.

"Listen to me."

He leaned close to Cecilia's ear, whispering softly.

The man's alluring voice, coupled with his hot breath falling on her ear, unintentionally sent a shiver down Cecilia's spine.

She lifted her head, the sunlight streaming through the window fell on Nathaniel's handsome face, as if it had cast a layer of golden light on him.

Cecilia's gaze unconsciously lingered on his thin lips, finding it hard to believe that they could be this close to each other now.

In her daze, Nathaniel leaned in and gently kissed her forehead, his large hand tenderly caressing the palm of her hand.

"Ceci, I don't feel well."

Cecilia was taken aback. "Where do you feel unwell?"

Nathaniel gently pulled her hand downward.

Cecilia's face instantly turned red.

"You per-"

Before she could finish, the ringtone of the phone on the bedside table cut her off.

In an attempt to reach for her phone, Cecilia bit down on Nathaniel's arm. The man grunted in response, finally releasing her the phone.

The caller ID was Elena as she picked up the p

Cecilia was hesitant to answer, but considering her decision to start anew with Nathaniel, she eventually picked up the phone.

"Tomorrow is New Year's, you and Nathaniel should pack up and come over today."

"Sorry, we plan on spending the New Year at Daltonia Villa, we won't be going back this year."

She had already made arrangements with Nathaniel.

If the two were to start over, Nathaniel would need to respect her opinions. They would need to discuss and agree on everything they do, just like a typical married couple.

Upon hearing that Cecilia refused to return home for the New Year, coupled with the words. Cassandra had said yesterday, Elena was instantly infuriated.

“Was I asking for your opinion?”

She was just about to reprimand Cecilia for her shortcomings when, the very next second, she heard the impatient voice of her son, Nathaniel, coming from the other end of the phone. “This isn’t a request for opinion,” he said, “We’re informing you that we won’t be coming home for the New Year.”

With that, Nathaniel hung up the phone.

When Cecilia saw him defending her like this, she felt unusually warm and fuzzy on the inside.

Nathaniel placed her phone back on the bedside table, then embraced her once again.

“From now on, any tasks you don’t wish to undertake, just let me know. I’ll handle them for you.”

Leaning against his chest, Cecilia nodded, uttering a soft, “Mhm.”

“Shall we go back to sleep?” Nathaniel asked, his voice deep and gentle.

Cecilia wasn’t yet used to being so close with him. Coincidentally, Elliot woke up and was energetically knocking on the door.

Mommy, Mommy, are you okay?”

Mason had arrived early in the morning to find a little brat who bore a striking resemblance to his boss knocking on the door.

He immediately went upstairs.

“Hey, brat, don’t interrupt Mr. and Mrs. Rainsworth, they might be... preoccupied right now!”

He had also assumed that Elliot was of the same lineage as Calvin. After all, appearance alone couldn't confirm kinship, only genetics could.-

The paternity test was personally arranged by him. This brat was not related to Nathaniel at all.

Upon hearing this, Elliot looked up at Mason with a displeased expression.

"What could bad mister and mom possibly be preoccupied with?"

Mason choked up, unsure of how to explain the relationship between men and women to a young boy.

After a moment of thought, he expressed with his rather rigid face, "They're preoccupied with.... creating siblings for you."

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Chapter 488 Fearful Of George And Cecilia

Elliot found it rather strange. Why did his mother had to go through several stages to have a baby?

In this regard, he truly had limited knowledge.

As he was deep in thought, Cecilia had already dressed herself and emerged, her face flushed.

"Mr. Sanders, what brings you here?"

Mason lied, saying, "I have some personal matters I'd like to discuss with Mr. Rainsworth."

Cecilia nodded, feeling a little embarrassed as she led Elliot downstairs.

Nathaniel didn't chat with Mason for long before he had to leave due to some matters.

Cecilia didn't bother to ask him what he was going to do.

Once they were outside, Mason reported on the progress of the projects they had acquired over the past few months.

After listening intently, Nathaniel said, "You've worked hard recently. Tomorrow's the New Year, take some time to rest well these few days."

Upon hearing his words, Mason's eyes were wide with shock..

It was because it was the first time he had heard his boss acknowledge his hard work.

Is the sky falling?

"It's nothing, it's my job," said Mason, taken aback and momentarily losing his usual composure.

Nathaniel couldn't see his expression, but having lived with Cecilia for so long, his treatment toward those around him had softened, much like her.

"Is there anything else?" he asked.

It was only then that Mason remembered. "Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Faust invited you to the Elite Club tonight."

Since Nathaniel was still pretending to have amnesia, Zachary and the others could only arrange to meet him through Mason.

Tonight?

Without a second thought, Nathaniel replied, "I'm not going, let them know I have plans."

He had to prepare for New Year's Eve with Cecilia for the following day.

Mason knew he wouldn't go. Lately, Nathaniel had spent almost all his time with Cecilia, except for work. He hadn't gone to nightclubs anymore, and he hadn't even taken walks alone.

"All right."

That night, at the topmost floor of Elite Club.

Zachary and Darren were in a private room, drinking with a group of wealthy young heirs. In past years, Nathaniel would also be there. Upon learning that Nathaniel would not be coming this year, Zachary couldn't help but express his surprise. "Nathaniel really values his romantic pursuits over his friends now. Darren, you're the best. You've been married for so many years, yet you've never stood us up."

Darren, with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, lifted a glass of wine and retorted, "Zach, aren't you engaged? Why aren't you spending time with your fiancée?"

Upon the mention of his fiancée, Vivian, Zachary's expression immediately changed.

An image of a woman surfaced in his mind, her face round and endearing. Her almond-shaped eyes sparkled, and her smile was as captivating as a crescent moon. It was a pity, however, that her temper was rather poor.

The last time they went to look at wedding dresses together, they happened to run into Vivian's ex-boyfriend, Ernest, who was out for a stroll with his wife.

She stubbornly clung to his arm, pinching him all the way in displeasure.

"All you do is tease me. I was forced into marriage, unlike you and your wife, who fell in love freely."

Fell in love freely?

The corners of Darren's mouth curled up, radiating a chilling intent.

The others, hearing Zachary's words, couldn't help but agree. "Zachary, don't worry. When you're in charge in the future, you'll be free to choose as many women as you want."

"Of course."

Zachary's eyebrows lifted slightly, radiating a sense of triumph. Suddenly, his expression froze.

Not far from the main entrance, Vivian, dressed in a begonia-colored long dress, led Jonathan, her eyes fixed intently on him.

From the side, a voice chimed in, seemingly unaware of the seriousness of the situation, "If Zachary really has such intentions, I can send some attractive young women to your private residence right now. Even if that woman from the Kennedy family finds out, she won't be able to do anything about it."

"Exactly, what can a woman from the humble Kennedy family possibly do to you?"

Cough, cough, cough....

Zachary bowed his head, coughing slightly. He picked up his wine glass, using it to hide the inexplicable panic in his eyes.

He wasn't afraid of Vivian, but rather, he feared George and Cecilia.

After all, Vivian was the granddaughter-in-law favored by George and also the best friend of Cecilia, who had saved his life.

When Her "Death" Couldn't Break Him Chapter 489
Chapter 489 Hide His Feelings

Vivian listened to the people inside belittling her, her brows slightly furrowed. "Zachary, your grandfather is calling you home for dinner."

When she suddenly spoke up, everyone instantly fell silent.

One by one, they first looked at her with confusion, then pondered over her words.

Go home for dinner?

The rich young men in the room regained their composure, each stifling a laugh.

The young heir of the Sinclair family was called home for dinner by a woman?

Zachary's expression shifted dramatically as he attempted to ignore her.

Vivian couldn't be bothered to repeat herself, instead, she turned her attention to Jonathan beside her.

Reluctantly, Jonathan said, "Grandpa said that tomorrow is New Year's Eve. If you come home late again, don't bother coming back ever."

After he finished speaking, he turned to look at Vivian. "Mommy," he said, "we've delivered our message. Let's go home now."

Vivian nodded.

However, before she left, she glared angrily at Zachary's friends who were present, and loudly declared, "We, the Kennedy family, may be of humble origins, but we've never aspired to latch onto the prestige of the Sinclair family. It was the Sinclair family who wanted to marry into ours."

After she finished speaking, she left with Jonathan in tow.

To be honest, she felt shy to be making such a statement in front of so many people.

Only then did everyone realize that the woman before them was Vivian. No wonder Zachary disliked her; she was quite a fierce presence.

She was also accompanied by a child.

“Zach, are they your... fiancée and son?” Darren asked as he watched the scene unfold.

Zachary gave a sheepish grin as he recalled their message and responded with a simple, “Hmm.”

“Darren, I suddenly remembered I have something to attend to, I must take my leave now.”

Zachary hastily picked up his coat and left.

Not long after he left, whispers of discussion filled the air behind him, “That’s Vivian, she sure is bold, daring to speak to Zachary like that.”

“She must be banking on the fact that she’s engaged to the eldest grandchild of the Sinclair family.”

“Why do I feel like that kid doesn’t quite resemble Zachary?”

“Are you trying to get yourself killed...”

After calling for Zachary, Vivian and Jonathan got into a private car and headed back to Sinclair Manor.

No sooner had they arrived home, they received a call from Cecilia.

Cecilia inquired if Jonathan and Vivian could join them for the New Year celebrations.

Vivian felt somewhat troubled. “Ceci, Old Mr. Sinclair still believes that Jonathan is his grandson. He’s invited a lot of Sinclair family relatives over for the New Year’s celebration tomorrow.”

“Is the whole day tomorrow fully occupied?” Cecilia asked.

Vivian nodded. “Yes, the day is full. Old Mr. Sinclair really took a great liking to Jonathan. I can’t even begin to imagine how disappointed he would be if he knew the truth.”

At that, Cecilia found a secluded corner.

“Vivian, I plan to start anew with Nathaniel.”

Vivian was only slightly surprised. “Are you sure about this?”

“Yes, I want to give us a chance.”

“No matter what decision you make, I’m here to support you.”

Vivian knew well that it was impossible for Cecilia and Nathaniel to become strangers, as they had two children between them.

“Do you want to tell him that those two are actually his?”

Cecilia gazed out at the pitch-black night. “For now, no.”

“He’s kind to me now because he’s lost his memory. I’m not sure if he’ll be the same once he regains his memory..

Vivian nodded. “You’re right. What if he’s just putting on an act?”

At this point, she contradicted herself.

“It’s impossible. If he doesn’t like you, what’s the point in pretending? Nathaniel, being as proud as he is, would certainly not feign affection.”

When Her “Death” Couldn’t Break Him Chapter 490

Chapter 490 Of High Moral Standing

Once Vivian started talking, she couldn’t stop.

“Ceci, I gave it some thought. You had mistaken him for Nicholas in the past, and that’s why you always felt he didn’t love you, thinking he was a jerk. He was essentially a stranger to you, devoid of any emotional connection. How could he possibly offer you any feelings? The only issue was, it wasn’t fair to blame you for the mistakes made by your mother and brother. When it comes down to it, he’s just a prideful, petty man. But at least he’s not the worst.”

With these thoughts in mind, Vivian felt slightly relieved.

Cecilia was listening attentively. “Hmm, I understand it all.”

However, Vivian suddenly changed her tone. "But now, besides his amnesia, he's also blind. Ceci, being with him will be tough for you."

How could a blind man make a living, especially being born into high society? He surely couldn't. lift a finger or shoulder any responsibilities.

Upon thinking about all these, Vivian started to worry again.

"Ceci, you should be careful not to be blinded by beauty. I believe that compared to him, Calvin is a better choice."

Vivian's change of tone didn't surprise Cecilia much; she knew Vivian was doing it all for her sake.

"Why are we bringing up Calvin again? The last time we spoke, he made it clear that he only sees me as a friend. He also implied that I'm not good enough for him."

Vivian was about to say something else when a housekeeper came over and announced that dinner was ready.

She had to quickly end the call, deciding to meet the amnesiac se mbag in private. She planned to make him understand the situation and back off, so as not to waste Cecilia's and her two perfect children's time.

When Cecilia went to have dinner, she saw Nathaniel standing not too far away as she turned around. She wasn't sure if he had heard what she'd just said.

Upon hearing her footsteps, Nathaniel slightly parted his thin lips. "We can eat now."

"All right."

"I didn't mean to overhear your phone call," Nathaniel stated solemnly.

Cecilia unconsciously let out a laugh. "Hmm, got it."

Nathaniel may have said those words aloud, but internally, he was mulling over the remark made by Cecilia right before he entered the room.

What does she mean by he only sees me as a friend, that I'm not good enough for him? Could it be that Cecilia still had feelings for Calvin? And that I'm just an option?

He only dared to ponder, not brave enough to actually ask Cecilia.

On the other hand, after finishing her meal, Vivian had something weighing on her mind. She knocked on the door of George's study.

“Come in,” said George.

Vivian walked in. “Grandpa.”

“Is something wrong, Vivian? Are you not feeling comfortable living at home?”

Vivian saw nothing but kindness in George’s eyes.

He was so kind that it made Vivian feel guilty. “Grandpa,” she couldn’t help but confess, “I need to be honest with you again. Jonathan is not Zachary’s son, he’s not your great-grandson.”

This was the second time that George had heard Vivian speak in this manner.

His expression shifted subtly, then he turned to Vivian and asked, “Is he your child?”

Vivian wanted to say that Jonathan was hers so as not to disappoint George, after all, she had no ties with the Sinclair family.

“Indeed, he’s mine,” she affirmed. “As for who the father is, I can’t disclose that to you. All I can say is, it’s not Zachary’s.”

She didn’t want to deceive George’s emotions.

George knew that his judgment of character was spot on. Vivian was indeed of high moral standing.

It was known that the wealth of the Sinclair family was immeasurable. If Vivian acknowledged that Jonathan was of the Sinclair’s bloodline, as his mother, she too would have access to this. boundless fortune. But she did not.

“Silly child,” he gently chided, “Jonathan is your son, and you are my daughter-in-law. Naturally, he is the great-grandson of the Sinclair family. Whether or not he is Zach’s doesn’t matter.”

“What?” Vivian was stunned.

The Sinclair family had only one heir, Zachary, who was their sole pride and joy. George had just this one beloved grandson, who was held in even higher esteem than Nathaniel.

After all, the Rainsworth family had many descendants.

But surprisingly, George didn’t seem to care if Zachary had fathered Jonathan.